Middletown Directory.

MUNICIPAL OFFICERS.

President, G. W. W. Naudain; Secretary, George G. Rowe; Charles H. Howell, Wm. R. Cochran, David I. Allen.

BANKS.

Peoples National Bank.—President, G. W W Naudain; Cashier, Geo. D. Kelley; Teller, W. G. Lookwood. Bank Building on East Main Street.

Citizens National Bank.—President, Joseph Riggs; Cashier, John S. Crouch; Teller, F. Davis. Bank Building on South Broad Street.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

Middletown Council, No. 2, Jr. O. U. A. M. Meets every Monday night in McWhorter's Hall at 8 o'clock.

Union Lodge, No. 5, A. F. & A. M. Meets first Tuesday of each month in Town Hall.

Good Samaritan Lodge, No. 9, I. O. O. F. Meets every Thursday night in McWhorter's Hall at 8 o'clock.

Damon Lodge, No. 12, K. of P. Meets every Wednesday night in McWhorter's Hall at 8 o'clock.

Welcome Conclave Heptasophs. Meets every second and fourth Friday night in K of P. Hall.

Union Lodge, No. 6, A. O. U. W., meets every 2d and 4th Tuesday night in McWhorter's Hall.

LOCAL ORGANIZATIONS.

Volunteer Hose Company, meets first Friday night of each month in Hose House.

THE CHURCHES.

Bethesda M. E. Church.—Rev. E. W. Caswell, Pastor. Preaching every Sabbath at 10.30 a. m., and 7.30 p. m. Sabbath School every Sabbath at 2 p. m., M. B. Burris Superintendent. Prayer meeting, every Thursday evening, 7.30 o'clock. Junior Epworth League and Epworth Cadets every Friday night at 7 o'clock. Young Ladies' Mission Circle, Monday nights at Parsonage. Women's Foreign Missionary Society, first Friday night of each month. Women's Home Missionary Society, first Thursday night of each month. Mite Society, first Saturday night of each month. Official Board meeting first Friday afternoon of each month at 2.30 o'clock.

Forest Presbyterian Church.—Rev. F. H. Moore, Pastor. Services held every Sabbath morning at 10.30 o'clock, and every Sabbath evening at 7.30. Sabbath School will be held every Sabbath morning at 9.15 o'clock. H. C. Ellison, Superintendent. Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening. Young Peopel's Society Christian Endeavor meets every Sunday evening at 6.45 o'clock. Junior Society Christian Endeavor every Sunday after noon at 3 o'clock.

St. Anne's Protestant Episcopal Church.—Rev. Wm. J. Wilkie, Rector. Holy Communion on the first Sunday in the month at 10.30 a. m. On all other Sundays at 7.30 a. m. Divine services every Sunday at 10.30 a. m., and 7.30 p. m. Morning Prayer and Litany every Wednesday and Friday at 9.30 a. m. Evening Prayer on Wednesdays at 7.30 p. m. and on Friday at 3.30 p. m. On all Holy Days service at 9.30 a. m., Sunday School at 9.45 a. m. Adult Bible Class at 7.45 p. m. on Wednesdays. The Guild meets every Thursday at 2 p. m., the Junior Auxiliary on Saturdays at 3 p. m. and the Woman's Auxiliary on the second Friday of each month at 2.30 p. m. Services at Armstrong's Chapel the first Sabbath of each month at 3 p. m.

REGISTER'S ORDER.

REGISTER'S OFFICE,
NEW CASTLE COUNTY, DEL.
April 25th, 1900.

Upon the application of Christopher J. Vandegrift, Executor of Lydia Smith, late of St. George's Hundred, in said county, deceased, it is ordered and directed by the Register that the Executor aforesaid give notice of granting of Letters Testamentary upon the estate of the deceased, with the date of granting thereof by causing advertisements to be posted within forty days from the date of such Letters in six of the most public places of the County of New Castle, requiring all persons having demands against the estate to present the same, or abide by an act of Assembly in such case made and provided; and also cause the same to be inserted within the same period in the Middletown TRANSCRIPT, a newspaper published in Middletown, Del., and to be continued therein two months.

Given under the hand and seal of office of the Register aforesaid, at Wilmington in New Castle County aforesaid, the day and year above written

SEAL

CALVIN W. CROSSAN, Register.

NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that Letters Testamentary were in due form of law granted unto the undersigned, on the twenty-fifth day of April A. D. 1900, and that all persons having claims against the estate of the deceased must present the same, duly attested, to the said Executor, on or before the twenty-fifth day of April, 1901, or abide the Act of Assembly in such case made and provided.

CHRISTOPHER J. VANDEGRIFT,
Address, Executor.
Port Penn, Delaware.

Security Trust and Safe Deposit Company,

619 Market St. Wilmington, Del.

CAPITAL (full paid), - $500,000
Surplus, - - - - $150,000

Authorizes to Act a

TRUSTEE, EXECUTOR, ADMINISTRATOR, GUARDIAN, ASSIGNEE, RECEIVER, REGISTRAR AND AGENT,

Transacts a

GENERAL TRUST BUSINESS.

Allows Interest on Deposit

Loans Money on Mortgages and Other Good Securities.

Attends to the

Management of Real Estate and to the Collection and Remittance of Rents. Interest on Securities and Dividends and Stocks.

Rents Boxes

In its New Burglar and Fire-proo Vaults, Makes ample provision in its Store Room and Vaults for the safe keeping of Securities and Valuable package placed in its custody.

Keeps Wills Without Charge

BENJ. NIELDS, President. JAS. S. CLARKSON Treas. & Sec.
WM. R. BRINCKLE, Vice-Pres. JOHN S. ROSSELL Trust Officer

Nasal CATARRH

In all its stages there should be cleanliness.

Ely's Cream Balm

cleanses, soothes and heals the diseased membrane. It cures catarrh and drives away a cold in the head quickly.

Cream Balm is placed into the nostrils, spreads over the membrane and is absorbed. Relief is immediate and a cure follows. It is not drying—does not produce sneezing. Large Size, 50 cents at Druggists or by mail; Trial Size, 10 cents by mail.

ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, New York.

The best way to save money is to take out a life insurance policy. It pays every time.

WM. PENN WILSON,
Reliable Agent,
Townsend, Del.

DR. LOBB'S BOOK FREE

To all sufferers of ERRORS OF YOUTH, LOST VIGOR and DISEASES OF MEN AND WOMEN. 308 pages; cloth bound; securely sealed and mailed *free*. Treatment by mail strictly confidential, and a positive cure guaranteed. No matter how long standing, I will positively cure you. Write or call.

DR. LOBB 329 N. 15th St. Phila. Pa.
30 years' continuous practice.

Consumption

AND ITS CURE

TO THE EDITOR:—I have an absolute remedy for Consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been already permanently cured. So proof-positive am I of its power that I consider it my duty to *send two bottles free* to those of your readers who have Consumption, Throat, Bronchial or Lung Trouble, if they will write me their express and postoffice address. Sincerely,

T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 183 Pearl St., New York.

The Editorial and Business Management of the Middletown Daily Transcript.

Choose

Ice water will chill the stomach, but it will make you feel warmer.

HIRES Rootbeer

will cool the blood and make you really cool. It's the drink for warm days.

THE CHARLES E. HIRES CO., Philadelphia, Pa.
Makers of Hires Condensed Milk.
"Jerry Rhymes for Thirsty Times." Sent free.

Jardanier Stands.

Hall Stands, Hanging Hat Racks.

Easles in Bamboo, Oak and White.

Mirrors for Mantels and Parlors.

Ebony and Oak Book Racks.

Rugs in all sizes of Smyrna and goat skin.

Stands—Card, Umbrella and Parlor.

Ottomans and small articles for ornamentation.

New Novelties in Furniture.

Window Shades. Carpets by sample.

The above articles, and many more at

J. H. EMERSON'S,
Middletown, - Delaware.

A Wonderful Cure.

Howard, Pa., June 21, 1900.
To U. S. Army and Navy Tablet Co.,
No. 17 East 14th St., N. Y.

Sirs—I again write to you and you can make any use of this letter that you choose. I wrote you some time ago that my wife was a great sufferer from her stomach and that your Tablets were doing her very much good. I want to tell you now that my wife appears to be entirely cured after taking your Tablets less than 2 months at an expense to me of not over $1.00 whereas I have in the last 15 years spent several hundred dollars for doctors and medicines which did not do her any good. I enclose you $2.00 for which kindly send me Tablets. They are not for myself, my wife not requiring any more; they are for friends of mine.

WILLIAM R. HOPKINS.

For sale at all Druggists or sent postpaid for 25 cts.

...A...

Single Standard

only is possible, whether as a test of excellence in journalism, or for the measurement of quantities, time or values; and

The Philadelphia Record

after a career of over twenty years of uninterrupted growth is justified in claiming that the standard first established by its founders is the one true test of

A Perfect Newspaper.

To publish ALL THE NEWS promptly and succinctly and in the most readable form, without elision or partisan bias; to discuss its significance with frankness, to keep AN OPEN EYE FOR PUBLIC ABUSES, to give besides a complete record of current thought, fancies and discoveries in all departments of humane activity in its DAILY EDITIONS of from 10 to 14 PAGES, and to provide the whole for its patrons at the nominal price of ONE CENT—that was from the outset, and will continue to be the aim of "THE RECORD."

The Pioneer

one-cent morning newspaper in the United States, "The Record" still LEADS WHERE OTHERS FOLLOW.

Witness its unrivaled average daily circulation, exceeding 185,000 copies, and an average exceeding 145,000 copies for its Sunday editions, while imitations of its plan of publication in every important city of the country testify to the truth of the assertion that in the quantity and quality of its contents, and in the price at which it is sold "The Record" has established the standard by which excellence in journalism must be measured.

The Daily Edition

of "The Record" will be sent by mail to any address for $3.00 per year or 25 cents per month.

The Sunday Edition

at 2c. per copy or $1.00 per year, together with the Daily, will give its readers the best and freshest information of all that is going on in the world every day in the year, including holidays, will be sent for $4.00 a year or 35 cents per month.

ADDRESS,

The Record Publishing Co.
Record Building,
Philadelphia, Pa.

One Dose

Tells the story. When your head aches, and you feel bilious, constipated, and out of tune, with your stomach sour and no appetite, just buy a package of

Hood's Pills

And take a dose, from 1 to 4 pills. You will be surprised at how easily they will do their work, cure your headache and biliousness, rouse the liver and make you feel happy again. 25 cents. Sold by all medicine dealers.

...An Awkward Blunder....

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

"Miss Mildred Brewster requests the pleasure of your presence at a small musicale at her house Wednesday evening, June 15th."

The girl to whom the note was addressed read it with flushing cheeks and a cry of delight.

She started to her feet, dropping Miss Floy Parmenter's wedding-dress in a billowy heap on the floor, and ran to the door of the fitting room of the dressmaking establishment.

But her mother was busy trying a dress on Mrs. Commodore Skreene and could not be hurried, and the girl turned back, impatient to announce the news.

She whirled about in a little dance before the cheval-glass in the privacy of the inner-room. Catching up Miss Parmenters's wedding-dress, she held the shimmering folds before her.

"How shall I look in an evening gown?" she wondered ecstatically.

"Oh, I suppose I am too silly, but I have been so hungry for good times of my own kind! They are my own kind, those girls of Mildred Brewster's set, thgouh I didn't suppose they'd ever acknowledge it. They never took the least notice of me when I went—so frightfully shabby!—to the high school with them. Mildred Brewster seemed especially—although she was kind to get us the naval people for patrons. A musicale, too! I wonder how she knew I should like that. It may be that her brother Stanley has heard me singing in the garden when he has been canoeing on the river.

"O mother dearest!" and she turned to her mother, who had finally got through with Mrs. Commodore Skreene and now stood in the doorway. "An invitation for me from Mildred Brewster to a musicale! When I opened the envelope I thought, of course, she had only written about the chiffon for her pink waist."

"I don't know why she shouldn't invite you," said the little worn woman, her seamy cheeks growing red with pleasure.

"They are very aristocratic—very proud of their old family. They live in a colonial house a hundred years old, with family protraits and old silver and things: and you and I mother, dear, are nobodies. I trim Mildred's pretty gowns and she sends us her father's checks. Those are the only relations that are to be expected between her and me."

"She hasn't seemed to think so," said her mother, quietly, but with a thrill in her voice. Mentally she vowed that, whether money were plenty or scarce. Betty should go to the musicale in a lovely gown. For she knew all about the hunger for good times and girls, although never a word had been said. Mother eyes are sharp.

Meanwhile the postman had left a missive in Miss Mildred Brewster's handwriting at one of the old colonial houses, "with family portraits and old silver things." It was addressed to Miss Frances Penhallow, and that young lady, who was Mildred's dearest, dearest friend, said she knew without opening it that it was an invitation to Mildred's musicale. She opened it, nevertheless and drew her brow into a frown as the read:

"Dear Miss Martiu: Will you be so kind as to take the very greatest pains in matching the pink chiffon to my waist? I am sure I can trust your exquisite taste, but I should feel it to be such a calamity if that delicate shade of pink silk were to be spoiled by a deeper shade of trimming.

"Hastily,
"Mildred Brewster."

"Just like Mildred! She has mixed those children up!" exclaimed Miss Penhallow. "This note was meant for Betty Martin, the dressmaker's daughter. And she has probably got my invitation! I'll drive round there and carry this note, so that Mildred's waist may be sure to be all right. She has more faith in those people than she has in Madame Fontenelle. I think I'll get mamma to try them. I remember that the girl looked poor and forlorn when she went to school, but she is really effective now, she wears such gowns. And there is something quaint about her, with her high forehead and her little peaked chin and her con-flower-blue eyes. If she could manage to make me look as she does—"

Frances critically surveyed the image of the descendant of the Penhallows in the long mirror, and deliberately "made up face" at it. It is true that the figure was stocky and the nose thick, and those discouraging points struck the owner of the figure more forcibly than did the honest clearness of the gray eyes, or the sympathetic sweetness of the mouth.

It was Betty herself who opened the door of the reception-room and her "quaint" face lighted up at the sight of the visitor. A friend of Mildred Brewster's bore with her a "charmed atmosphere."

Frances, smiling a little in response to the shy radiance of the girl's face, said: "I remembered you at the high school, and I think you have such lovely taste!" She felt that Betty's attitude demanded something more kindly than an immediate plunge into business. "I have seen all the pretty things that you have made for Miss Brewster."

"Miss Brewster has been so very kind to me," said Betty, with a thrill in her voice. "She has sent me an invitation to a musicale at her house!" She displayed the card with childish simplicity. "I think some one must have told her that I love music," she added, with a doubtful, questioning glance at her visitor's face.

For a shadow had fallen upon the honest-eyed face, as Frances understood, in a flash, that it would be difficult to explain the mistake.

Difficult! It was impossible, she said to herself, as she caught a quiver of the chin that was cleft at its peaked tip by a childish dimple. There was a suspicion of mistiness about the corn-flower-blue eyes. She did not suspect the blunder. How should she?

"I—I want to ask you about your disengaged time," faltered Frances. "I have been trying to bring my mother here for a long time."

Betty became businesslike at once and brought her mother, who on consulting a thick engagement-book, found that she should have a few days to spare in the course of the month.

"Of course, I might have given the message about the pink waist," reflected Frances, as she flecked a fly off her fat pony's back, "but I was afraid she would suspect how things were. She was so pleased! To keep her from knowing that it was a mistake seemed the one important thing.

The pony was forced to go at a pace which shook his fat sides and caused him to turn a questioning and reproachful eye upon his young mistress, whoso views of life generally coincided very satisfactorily with his own.

Out on Paradise road, just where the air begins to be sweet with the locust-trees, Frances met Mildred setting out with her brother Stanley and his friend, Lester Wyman. Mildred sent the young men on ahead, in obedience to an imperative private gesture from Frances, and then heard the story of the dreadful blunder.

"It was stupid of me," said Mildred, with a pucker of her serene brow. "But I don't see how she could have thought I meant to invite her! How awkward for you to have to explain!"

"Awkward! I simply didn't explain. She was so pleased about the invitation! She thought you must have heard how fond she was of music. And I don't think that good times have ever come much in her way. I didn't say a word about your pink chiffon. I thought you would rather leave it to Providence than to run the risk of hurting her."

"Why of course, anything would be better than to hurt her," said Mildred, slowly. "So far as the pink waist goes. I could write to hear about it now. She is perfectly presentable, but I wish it could happened some other time, if I had got to make such a blunder. I did not want Lester Wyman, who is a diplomat's son and accustomed to the nicest people everywhere, to meet the very cream of Old Harbor society."

"She's the very creamiest thing in the town as far as looks go, and he need never know that a dressmaking sign hangs out over her door! Give the girl a good time, and don't take it so hard," sagely, as she touched the fat pony with the whip.

"Hey, Betty Martin, tiptoe fine!" The little hard-worked mother gave her girl a playful push toward the long mirror, and the mirror reflected the prettiest gown that its experience had known. It was of pale blue silk muslin over pale blue silk, and to its girlish simplicity was added the indefinable quality known as "style." The slip of a girl, her blue eyes wide with half-incredulous delight, looked like a princess—or rather as a princess ought to look and is no more likely to look than any one else.

But as Betty turned away, from the mirror—away, also from her mother's eyes—the delight faded suddenly, as a candle is blown out by the wind, and the sensitive little peaked chin quivered with a haunting recollection of the expression on Frances Penhallow's face and the forced tone of her congratulations. There had been a mistake made, somehow! It was not likely that Miss Brewster had meant to invite her.

She said that to herself at one moment, and tried to think the next that she had grown morbid and fanciful by much brooding over Frances Penhallow's look of surprise—a look of surprise, that was all. She had not known of the invitation. Betty had not breathed a hint of her suspicion to her mother, whose delight had been even greater than her own.

"I would go, for her sake, over redhot plow-shares!" Betty said to herself, giving a little kick to her beautiful, shimmering, light blue train.

That train was gracefully carried on the night of the musicale, and so was the small, ash-colored head—only a trifle too high. And "a red and a restless spark" burned on Betty's cheek. But when she found, among all the throng of young people, no stare of surprise, or anything but the friendliest courtesy, she gradually put away even the suspicion that their minds had been prepared, and was gay with the rest.

Her heart grew warm toward Mildred Brewster and Frances Penhallow, who, without singling her out in any embarrassing way, constantly took pains that she should not feel herself a stranger. It grew so warm that when Mildred showed her chagrin that Madame D'Almati, the charming singer of English ballads, had failed to appear, she threw her shyness to the winds and said, with evidently a simple eagerness to be of service: "Oh, I can sing ballads—if you think anyone would care to hear me! I have not a large voice, but it has been trained. I have an uncle who is a musician."

"If—if you will be so good," faltered Mildred, polite, but as she afterward confessed to Frances Penhallow, feeling "an awful dread."

But the "awful dread" was quite unnecessary. Betty had not, as she said, a large voice, but it had the thrilling, pathetic quality, the "wild weird sweetness" found seldom except in an Irish voice, and most effective of all in simple ballads.

Betty made a success. Before she went home, in a carriage from the livery-stable that was only a few doors from the dressmaker establishment, she had promised to sing at another musicale in another of the old colonial houses.

"Now we shall know what to do for her!" said Mildred, joyfully, to Frances, whom she had kept for a private conclave. "Every one will take her up! She can give parlor concerts, and she can get pupils by the score! We can get her to give up the dressmaking."

But when the plans were matured and laid before Betty Martin, she was grateful, but obdurate.

"I couldn't teach, it isn't in me!" she explained. "Mother tried it before she married, and had a dreadful struggle. And father was a lawyer, when he ought to have strayed on the farm. We think, mother and I, that when we are born our work is born with us. We're like the old milkwoman—you've seen her—who took her husband's route when he died. She says it's the work she was born for, whether it's proper work for a woman or not. She says she is like the kings and queens—a milkwoman by the grace of God. That's the way mother and I are dressmakers. I want her to put 'Dressmaker, Dei Gratia,' on the sign. If I had the voice for a great career, I don't know, it might be different. But as it is, I like to earn my living by the commonplace work that I know I can always do thoroughly well.

"There is another little reason—" Betty hesitated and drew a quick breath—"which I'm afraid you will think fantastic and foolish. My little singing gift seems sacred because it was my father's only solace from pain in his long illness; it was our one cheer in the dark days. I cant bear to take it to market!"

"It's a little disappointing," said Mildred to Frances, when they were alone, "but I am not sure that she isn't right. There are so many struggling artists of every kind, and never enough good dressmakers! My pink waist is a dream! Betty Martin, dressmaker, by the grace of God! I really believe she is."—*Youth's Companion.*

HOLLOWE'EN CUSTOMS AND DECORATIONS

Now that Hollowe'en customs consist mainly of boisterous merry-making and fireside tricks and tests, very little thought is given to the peculiar rites and ceremonies which marked its advent in other countries in the early days. Thoughts of pagan rites, divinations and sentimentality are indissolubly associated with All Hallow's Eve; and even in these days, certain people attach peculiar significance to the night of October 31st. Immediately following comes the church celebration, particularly among the Episcopalians, of All Saints' Day, on November 1st, when they hold services in commemoration of their dead; and on the next day, November 2d, the Catholic church has another festival, called All Souls' Day. In olden times, hovever, this season was much more widely celebrated, Romans as well as Saxons observing the holiday now dear to the hearts of romantic youths and maidens; for it is found that writers of antiquity have traced the festival even into the shades of the dusky Orient. Greeks, Romans and Druids observed Hollowe'en with peculiar solemnity, and All Hollows' Day (or All Saints' Day) is probably from the Anglo-Saxon word *halig*, meaning holy.—*The Country Gentleman.*

TWO POINTERS AS TO THE GOAT

"You may go into the goat business and educate the people of the middle West to eat goat meat," said Wiley O. Cox yesterday, "but you will not learn from books what my father learned from experience," and then Mr. Cox gave away a trick of the trade.

"The man who goes in for Angoras will find that it is true they will jump anything under 100 feet high and climb a sapling. They will get at the neighbor's wash as sure as it goes on the line, and there will be lingerie to pay for. But if you would be on the safe side and keep the billy there, turn him up and cut away the little creeper that you will find at the bottom of the hoof. It will not hurt him to lose it, but it ruins his ambition as a montebank. It will save lots of trouble to have a chiropodist get at the Angora with a nail trimmer."

Goat meat cannot be distinguished from mutton ordinarily. In every car of sheep that comes from New Mexico there are sure to be from two to a dozen goats in the lot. They all go to the same block at the packers and the good wife who takes home goat's chops for lamb chops is never the wiser. Nor is the butcher. A goat is only a goat when he has his pelt on. After that he is a sheep.

THE SAME COLORS

They were talking of their absent sons, and the fact that each of the gentlemen had a boy in a different college did not prevent them from amicably discussing their various prospects. *Golden Days* gives the conversation.

"Well," said one of them, it won't be long before the athletic season; and then I guess we'll hear something from the orange and the blue."

"Yes," was the reply, "and there'll be some shooting done by the blue and the gray."

"Of course," rejoined the third man, "and as my boy has gone to Princeton, I'll have to put in a word for the black and orange; but it doesn't make such a great deal of difference. The boys are bound to come out under the same colors in the end."

"No," said one.

"Can't be arranged," exclaimed the other.

"Oh yes, it can."

"To what colors do you refer?"

Black and blue."

A View of the Shops

Cashmere is perforce redivivus.

Broadcloth is softer and more pliable than ever.

Handsome furs are an important feature of trimmings.

Curious broad cuffs distinguish the smartest sleeves.

Decidedly longer effects prevail in the newest golf capes.

Canvass was always a soft, graceful cloth; silk canvass, a new fabric. is more so.

Only an Amateur—Now

"No, sir," said the man who had been asked for alms; "I can give you nothing. You are a professional beggar, aren't you?"

"I used to think so," replied the other as he sadly pulled two copper cents and a collar button from his pocket, "but I have come to the conclusion that I am only an amateur."—*Philadelphia Record.*

Chinese Riddles

What is the fire that has no smoke and the water that has no fish.

A glowworm's fire has no smoke, and well water has no fish.

Mention the name of an object with two mouths which travels by night and not by day.

A lantern.—*Chicago News.*

Diplomacy Wins

Ardent Suitor—I lay my fortune at your feet.

Fair Lady—Fortune! I didn't know you had money.

Ardent Suitor—I haven't much, but it takes very little to cover those tiny feet.

He got her.—*London Telegraph.*

THE FEAR OF DEATH

If Mr. Conrad's new story excited admiration as it appeared serially in the pages of "Blackwood's Magazine," it exacts a double tribute from the reader now that it is published in book form. Though originally projected on a small scale, its unpremeditated expansion to the form of a full fledged novel has done nothing to spoil the simplicity and balance of the design. It is a long narrative, but it should be read, if possible, at a sitting. Not alone because one idea is dwelt upon with almost painful persistency, but because Mr. Conard's mode of composition demands it. He makes the whole story fall from the lips of one man, who either states facts as he knew them himself or quotes them from the conversation of others, and despite the amount of material packed into this book one apprehends it best by taking it as an uninterrupted stream of spoken tragedy and eloquence. What the author has to say is absorbing, but even more so is the way in which he says it. Miss Gwendoline Keats, better known as "Zack," has shown in the book called "On Trial" what can be made of, and analysis of a coward's nature when the bitter story is expressed in terms of ordinary speech, accented by borrowings from peasant dialect. Mr. Conrad deals with a coward, and he is mercilessly direct in his exposition of the man's most fugitive emotions, but over every page there is flung the indescribable romance of the immemorial East.

Marlow, the suppositious narrator of Jim's half prosatic, history, is a student of human nature whose years of traffic on the sea have moulded him to meditative, wistful ways of thinking. The leading points he has to set forth are simple enough. In his boyhood Jim leaves the commonplace English parsonage in which he has been born and brought up. He goes to sea because his imagination has persuaded him that life may thus be made more romantic than he has ever found it at home. After some years fate sends him aboard the steamer Patua, in Oriental waters, as chief mate. The ship leaves port carrying eight hundred native pilgrims. On a night of tropic calm the rotten craft goes to the bottom like a shot, with all hands save a few members of the crew. For Jim there is a choice. He might stay, rouse the sleeping pilgrims and help save some of them. Or he can jump into the single boat that is lowered and escape with the scoundrels who are foully deserting the unconscious people under their charge. Jim jumps, and pays for his bodily salvation by years of remorse, in which regret for a specific art of cowardice can never lose the added pang of his infidelity to the ideal of which he has long dreamed. Somewhere in his heart is the germ of strength; somehow, he feels, he can some day atone for his sin. How he atones, how he burys himself in the primeval jungle among natives to whom he becomes a providence and a demi-god, how the life of steadfast truth to which he attains culminates in an episode of almost intolerable bitterness, it were easy to tell in a few words. But Mr. Conrad gives most of his volume to the telling, and justifies himself by making every word magical and precious.

The man Marlow muses like an oracle. He seems to stand immobile before us; there is a gesture now and then; occasionally he shifts his position; often he pauses, relapses into silence, then picks up the narrative again as though it were an effort to detach himself from the myriad memories that come swarming back upon him. He describes Lord Jim—so called by the natives with whom he finds asylum—he gives you Jim's version of this or that moment in the Patna's last hours; he portrays the young native woman who gives her love to the refugee from his own conscience; he lets down at short intervals, like curtains in a threatre, wonderfully painted pictures of luxuriant scenery or of the unmarked sea. It is all a record of little truths; it is a mosaic, formed with zealous solicitude for justice, of the thousand and one facts, emotions, shares of emotion, which in the long run go to render Jim comprehensible, explain his conduct, and make him intensely interesting. It is as accurate as a legal document; Jim's secrets are laid bare as though with the knife of a surgeon, But always it is an oracle that speaks, always the truth comes wrapped about with the awe inspiring atmosphere of a mysterious land and a dark problem of human will and destiny. Sorrow broods over the story. "Lord Jim" is a hard book to read, for it communicates to the reader a grievous sense of man's weakness and of the woe that he can bring down upon his own head. But it is a book of great originality, and it exerts a spell such as is rarely encountered in modern fiction.

That was a happy moment in which Mr. Crawford went to the Spain of Philip 11 and Don John of Austria, seeking inspiration for a novel. "In the Palace of the King" is a capital story, one of the most entertaining ever devised by a writer of brilliant gifts. It has improbabilities, to be sure. Don John, whose love for the daughter of old Mendoza captain of the king's guards, brings him into conflict with Philip, is laid low in his own chamber by a hasty stroke of the rate monarch's rapier. So far all is well. But then ensue a number of occurrences through the full tale of which Don John lies practically neglected of all men, though the report is soon spread that he has expired. This sort of thing is scarcely in harmony with the condition of affairs one naturally attributes to a royal palace. "In the Palace of the King" has been put upon the stage. Perhaps in theatrical form the matter to which we have alluded, and certain others equally disconcerting in the printed page, may be made to seem plausible. The illusion is sadly shattered when they are treated as in this book. Possibly Mr. Crawford could not help himself, having set out to write a long novel around the events of a single night. On the other hand, having recorded the weak spots in the fabric, it is pleasant to return to approval of all that is good. The historical personages introduced are all well drawn, Philip especially being delineated with remarkable insight and skill. His consort is deftly sketched, and in the scene which shows Don John dining with the royal pair and ultimately casting a gallant defiance in the teeth of the King Mr. Crawford not only plays ingeniously with dramatic expedients, but, with true art, gains much of his effect from the strength of his characterization. The love passages are well done, the dialogue is animated and interesting, and, though much of the descriptive writing savors of padding, the author wins forgiveness, since his pictures of Court ceremonies and the like go far to give the book the "local color" desired. Best of all, this story is a clever example of the art of narrative; it moves expeditiously and keeps the reader alert. The plot, for all its impossible phases, is full of excitement, and one does not want to put the book down until it is finished. That is perhaps the best possible testimony to Mr. Crawford's excellent use upon this occasion of his well known abilities.—*New York Tribune.*

Man and Wife Admit Murder

Matthew Chairs and his wife, arrested several weeks ago charged with murdering Solomon Roberts near Centreville, have confessed. The woman says she decoyed Roberts to a straw stack and her husband, who had secreted himself nearby struck the victim on the head with a club, killing him almost instantly. Chairs then buried the body under the straw, where it was later found. Chairs' confession is practically the same as his wife's.

Gold lace appears intermixed with braidings on many of the new bodices, and panne or velvet are to be worn. The skirts will continue long.

It is certain that feathers are to be used and long ostrich plumes are in great favor. They will trim the picture hats that will find favor with many people.

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Time Table.

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DELAWARE DIVISION

On and after October 1, 1900, trains will leave as follows:

SOUTHWARD.

	PAS. A. M.	EXP. A. M.	PAS. A. M.	MAIL P. M.	MAIL P. M.	EXP P. M
Philadelphia	7 25	10 20	12 30	3 58	5 50	11 25
Baltimore	6 35	9 03	1 16	4 01	4 20	7 53
Wilmington	8 13	11 06	3 03	5 39	6 56	12 11
Farnhurst	f 8 22		3 12		f 7 07	
New Castle	8 28		3 17	6 06	7 12	
State Road	f 8 34		f 3 23		f 7 17	
Bear	f 8 39		f 3 27	6 01	7 22	
Porter	f 8 47		f 3 33	6 09	7 28	
Kirkwood	8 52		f 3 39		f 7 33	
Mt. Pleasant	9 01		3 46		7 41	
Armstrong	f 9 05		3 50		7 45	
Middletown	9 11	11 50	3 54	6 30	7 51	12 54
Townsend	9 19		4 01	6 40	7 58	
Blackbird	f 9 23		f 4 11		f 8 04	
Gr'n Spring	f 9 28		f 4 17		f 8 10	
Clayton	9 34	12 37	4 22	6 54	8 16	1 1
Smyrna, Lv	9 24	11 37	4 12	6 44	8 06	
Brenford	f 9 39		f 4 27		f 8 21	
Cheswold	f 9 44		f 4 32		f 8 27	
Dupont			4 35			
Dover	9 56	12 23	4 43	6 13	8 37	1 31
Wyoming	10 05	12 39	4 49	6 18	8 43 a	1 39
Woodside	f 10 11			f 6 24	f 8 50	
Viola	f 10 15			f 6 28	f 8 54	
Felton	10 20	12 46		6 33	8 59 a	1 55
Harrington	10 34	12 58		6 46	9 10	2 03
Georgetown	11 24			7 45		
Berlin	12 35			8 44		
Ocean City (B C & A Ry	12 45			10 35		
Farmington	f 10 42			f 6 51	f 9 18	
Greenwood	10 50	1 18		7 03	9 28	
Bridgeville	f 10 56	1 30		7 10	9 34 a	2 29
Cannons	f 11 03			f 7 15	f 9 39	
Seaford	11 13	1 39		7 24	9 48	2 41
Laurel	11 23	1 37		7 34	9 58 a	2 53
Delmar	11 33	1 46		7 43	10 08	3 05
	A M	P M	P M	P M	P M	A M

NORTHWARD.

	EXP. A. M.	MAIL A. M.	EXP. P. M.	MAIL P. M.	EXP. P. M.	PAS. P. M.
Delmar	11 08		7 05	8 00	2 15	8 30
Laurel	f 1 21		7 16	8 10	2 25	8 41
Seaford	1 34		7 28	8 24	2 35	8 56
Cannons			f 7 34	f 8 31		f 9 04
Bridgeville	f 1 46		7 42	8 37	2 46	9 11
Greenwood			7 50	f 8 45	f 2 54	f 9 19
Farmington			f 7 58	f 8 53		f 9 27
Ocean City (B C & A Ry				6 40		*2 10
Berlin				7 56		2 33
Georgetown				8 08		3 42
Harrington	2 23		8 10	9 06	3 09	4 41
Felton	f 2 33		8 19	9 16	3 18	4 50
Viola			f 8 23	f 9 20		f 4 54
Woodside			f 8 27	f 9 24		f 4 58
Wyoming	p 2 46	8 57	8 34	9 31	f 3 30	5 06
Dover	2 55	9 08	8 40	9 38	3 38	5 12
Dupont						
Cheswold		f 7 18		f 9 49		f 5 21